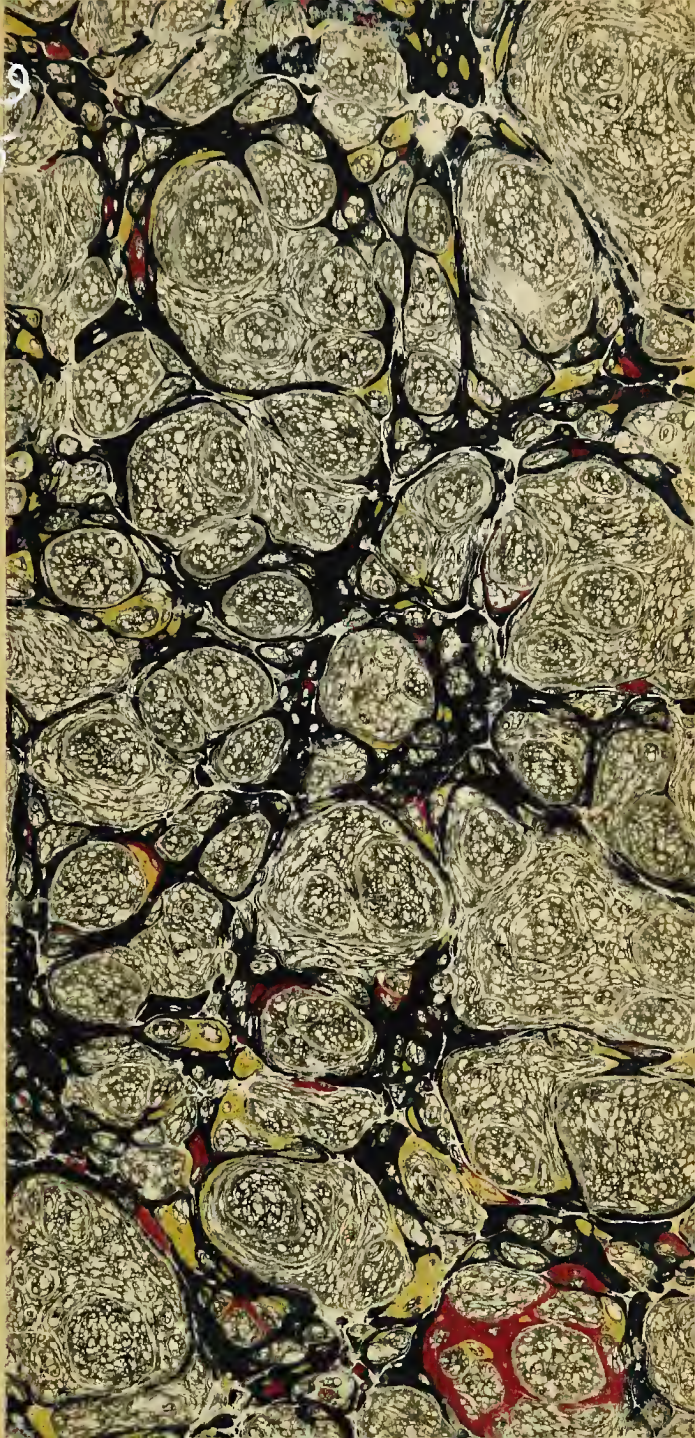
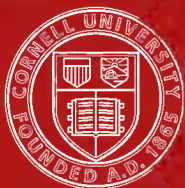


1889
ROBINSON. Ye Gods and Goddesses.



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Ye gods and goddesses, or, The apple of



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Ye Gods and Goddesses;

OR,

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

A MYTHICAL MEDLEY.

WRITTEN BY

CHARLES ROBINSON.

COMPOSED BY

JOHN H. STRONG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

E. R. ANDREWS, PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER, 1 AQUEDUCT ST.

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BY

CHARLES ROBINSON.

•

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOVE, *"King of men and father of the gods."*

JUNO, *His wife, an untamed shrew.*

MINERVA, *His amazonian daughter, rivalling Juno in beauty.*

VENUS, *A goddess of much beauty, and a decided belle among the
"Upper Ten."*

BACCHUS, *An intimate young friend of the family.*

APOLLO, *An immortal "Bunthorne."*

MARS, *The Olympian Secretary of War.*

MERCURY, *General Utility God in the household of Jove.*

HEBE, *Goddess of all work in Jove's household.*

GANYMEDE, *Cup-bearer to Jove.*

PELEUS, {
THETIS, { *Victims of Cupid.*

GODDESS OF DISCORD, *An oriental cyclone.*

MUSE OF HISTORY, *The eternal reporter.*

PARIS, *A mortal, and Judge of the Court of Appeals.*

Chorus of Lesser Deities, Shepherds, &c.

ACT I.—A drawing-room in Jove's palace on Mt. Olympus.

ACT II.—A pasture on the slopes of Mt. Ida.

ACT III.—A room in Jove's palace on Mt. Olympus.

ACT IV.—Council Chamber in Jove's palace.

Time: About 1200 B. C.

Ye Gods and Goddesses;

OR,

THE APPLE OF DISCORD.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A drawing room in JOVE'S palace on Mount Olympus. Divans, &c., scattered about. A pair of thunderbolts lie upon a table in a corner. Curtains across the back of the room conceal a banquet hall in the rear with table set for a feast.*

JOVE *discovered in his purple robes reclining upon a couch, as the curtain ascends he awakens. In the distance is heard a chorus.*

CHORUS.

Oh Jove, great Jove, to thee we sing,
Father of gods — of mortals' King —
Pater deorum, rex regum,
Deus omnium hominum.

JOVE, *taking a pair of opera glasses, goes to the window and looks out.*

Oh shout and sing in loud accord
Praises to Jove our King and Lord,
Ductor virorum optimus,
Audi Jupiter ! audi Zeus !

Grant us honor, grant us fame,
Forever we'll praise thy mighty name.
Deus omnium maximus —
Ave Jupiter ! Ave Zeus !

JOVE. (*Turning from the window*) Oh yes, it is the early Latins in their far off home, at Latium, singing their morning song of adoration. (*He replaces the glasses.*) I had thought as much. A wonderful destiny has that land of their's. Some day on it's seven hills there will rise a city which will rival Athens, and where I shall be worshiped with a solemnity and magnificence equal to that now in Greece. Oh ! it is a glorious thing to be able to recline at one's ease, and hear the songs of praise that rise from a thousand mortal throats—a rôle that any king—or god—would be glad to play ; but they "*Cawn't do it, you know.*"

Stepping to the front of stage he sings, with much gesture :

JOVE. (*solo.*)

Indeed it is a pleasant thing
To be a god or be a king,
But better still it is to be
A *king* of men and gods like me ;
For then, no matter what you do,
It's very wise and good of you.
For nobody would dare to say
That Jove was jovial or gay.
So I, the king of gods, am free
To do whatever pleases me.

I laugh, ha ! ha !

I sing, tra ! la !

For I, the king of gods, am free
To do whatever pleases me.

I cause a war 'twixt gods or men,
I overthrow and raise again.
I make commands, and they're obeyed,
(Obeyed *almost* as soon as made.)

I play at cards, and throw the dice,
 I drink cool nectar kept on ice.
 I marry whom and when I please,
 And so I lead a life of ease.
 For I, the King of gods, am free
 To do whatever pleases me.

I laugh, ha ! ha !

I sing, tra ! la !

Yes, I, the King of gods, am free
 To do whatever pleases me.

But though I seem so very free,
 I must maintain my dignity.
 To etiquette I heed must pay,
 And certain customs must obey.
 I cannot jest with mortal man—
 Must do to help him what I can;
 But yet in heav'n and earth I'm king
 And so can do *most* anything.
 Thus I, the King of gods, am free
 To do whatever pleases me.

I laugh, ha ! ha !

I sing, tra ! la !

For I, the King of gods, am free
 To do whatever pleases me.

Taking a "Book of Engagements" from his pocket, and consulting it, he remarks :

Ah, yes ! today I am to give the wedding breakfast to
 Peleus and Thetis. I had almost forgotten—

Enter MINERVA. Without seeing Jove, she marches in with a very soldier-like tread.

JOVE. Minerva ! Minnie, my child ! why such un-
 seemly conduct ? (*She stops short and stands with down-
 cast eyes, while he continues*) Dost thou not remember

that thou art *Minerva*, an immortal goddess? That all the arts and sciences are held in thy right hand?

MINERVA. Yes, papa, but—

JOVE. No excuses! There is no reason why you, a *deity*, should indulge in such unwarranted levity. Do I ever forget *my* dignity? Never, Minerva, never! But enough—let this not happen again. Go! and summon thy stepmother—Queen Juno!

Exit MINERVA.

Jove waltzes along the front of the stage.

Oh I, the king of gods, am free

To do whatever pleases me.

I scold, oh! oh!

I'm cross, and blow!

But I, the King of gods, am free

To do whatev—

Enter MINERVA and JUNO. *Jove immediately becomes silent and dignified, advancing to meet them.*

JOVE. Ah, fair Juno, queen of Olympus and great Jove himself, I did send for thee!

JUNO. Yea, my lord.

JOVE. And thou did'st quickly come. Nay, nay, Minnie, dear, take not offense that I did reprimand thee. Dost thou know what thy mother and I have planned for this day's amusement?

MINERVA. Nay, my lord.

JOVE. A wedding breakfast—

JUNO. For Peleus and Thetis, whom thou wilt remember as a most dull, uninteresting pair—

MINERVA. Oh, Juno, not *uninteresting*. All heaven loves a lover.

JOVE. Yes, and then I have invited Bacchus,—

MINERVA. Ah! *then* the feast will not be dull; and whom besides—Venus and Apollo?

JOVE. Yea, both, my child.

JUNO. Why, if I may ask, didst thou invite that impudent young fellow, Bacchus?

JOVE. Oh, he is a well meaning chap, and though he *is* at times a trifle wild, he has been a good friend of the family—

Enter MERCURY. (Having made obeisance)

MERCURY. Most gracious king and queen of heaven,
The Muse of History waits without.

JOVE. (*aside*) Confound those reporters!

(*aloud*) Best Mercury, my faithful servant,
Pray tell her that I'm *out* this morning.

Exit MERCURY.

MINERVA. But papa you art *not* out.

JOVE. Yes, my dear, I *am* out — out of *patience* with that interviewing scribbler.

JUNO. Then why do you not strike her with your thunder-bolts?

JOVE. Well, hm! These papers — that is, their *support* is rather valuable to a — an *office-holder*.

JUNO. Oh pooh! Methinks that if *I* were the king of earth and heaven, and omnipotent over gods and men, *I* should have a *little* more independence.

JOVE. Well, my dear, it happens that you are *not*, and so —

MINERVA. Hist papa! I just heard the door-bell — the guests are arriving.

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY. Most gracious king and queen of heaven.
Without, Apollo and Venus stand.

JOVE. They're welcome! Let them forthwith enter.

Exit MERCURY. Enter APOLLO and VENUS.

JOVE (*stepping forward to meet them*). Welcome, Apollo and fair Venus, mother of Love.

APOLLO and VENUS. Ave, great Jove.

APOLLO *goes on to pay his respects to MINERVA.*

JUNO. Aye, but where is Love?

VENUS (*with a laugh and shrug of the shoulders*). Oh Cupid! He has been so occupied with Peleus and Thetis for the last few days, that I have scarcely had an opportunity to see him.

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY. Most gracious King —

Enter BACCHUS with a merry laugh and without waiting to be announced.

Exit MERCURY.

BACCHUS. *Sings,*

“Landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
For to-day we’ll merry, merry be
And to-morrow we’ll be sober!”

JOVE (*pointing threateningly to his thunderbolts*). Silence, Bacchus! see’st thou not yonder thunderbolts? Hold thy peace!

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY. Thetis and Peleus wait thy will.

BACCHUS (*aside, while JOVE nods acquiescence to MERCURY, who retires*). Phew! Father Jove is not going to stand any fooling from *me*. Queen Juno looks rather touchy, too. Hope I don’t put my *foot* into it as I usually do!

Enter PELEUS and THETIS.

JOVE. Hail to the bridegroom and his bride!

ALL. Ave! ave! ave!

BACCHUS. Tiger!!

APOLLO (*casting a look of scorn at BACCHUS, and lightly touching the strings of his lyre, sings, addressing himself to PELEUS and THETIS*),

Hail to Love as it enters now,
Welcome Love, welcome Love!
May it strong and tender grow—
Gentle breezes ever blow,
May it trouble never know,
Hail to immortal love!

CHORUS. Welcome love! welcome love!
Hail to immortal love!

APOLLO. Hail to love in its purity,
Welcome love, welcome love.
May it firm, confiding be,
May it bind in sympathy,
Then 'twill keep its majesty,
Hail to immortal love!

CHORUS. Welcome love! welcome love!
Hail to immortal love!

JOVE. Bravo, Apollo! (*He then turns with JUNO to say a few words to the much embarrassed lovers.*)

BACCHUS (*slapping APOLLO on the back*). Well done, 'Poll,' old boy. I couldn't have done better myself!

MINERVA. No! Nor half so well. (*To APOLLO.*) I congratulate you, sir.

APOLLO. Oh, pray don't mention it.

JOVE. *Rings.* *Enter MERCURY.*

Mercury, pray how's the banquet?
Will't be ready soon, or must we
Longer calm the inner god? In
Truth he clamors loud within me.
Prithee hasten, that we starve not.

MERCURY. Yea, great Jove, 'tis nearly ready.

He is about to retire.

JUNO (*beckons to him*). (*Aside.*)

Pause oh Mercury, and answer

Have you quite distilled the nectar?

Is th' ambrosia all prepared?

MERCURY. Yea, oh queen, th' ambrosia's cooling.

Ganymede will serve the nectar.

JUNO. Part the drapery, we'll enter!

BACCHUS (*very pompously beckoning MERCURY aside*).

Pause, oh Mercury, and tell me.

Knoweth Kimball that you're off?

BACCHUS *laughs while MERCURY turning away in disgust, parts the curtains. JOVE taking THETIS by the hand, leads the way. He is followed by PELEUS and JUNO, BACCHUS and MINERVA, APOLLO and VENUS. As the curtains are withdrawn, HEBE and GANYMEDE are discovered, the former standing behind JUNO's throne, the latter behind JOVE's. In the extreme rear is the chorus. The guests sing as they enter the banquet room.*

CHORUS.

Come, we'll march to the banquet hall,

Cheer and plenty await us all.

There we'll feast while the morning wanes,

Gods have stomachs as well as brains.

(*Then as they stand around the table.*)

Sing to Jove, to our mighty King—

A hungry god is a dreadful thing—

Hail his cooks and his dainty "spread"—

Gods are godliest when well fed.

They then recline at the table. As they sing the last line enter MARS. Finding no one in the drawing room, and hearing the voices, he proceeds to the banquet room.

JOVE. Ah, Mars, glad to see you! we were just sitting down to a little family breakfast in honor of Peleus and Thetis. Come in and join us.

MARS. Thanks, awfully! I will.

JUNO. Mercury, make haste, relieve him
Of his shield and of his javelin!

MERCURY *does as commanded, and MARS reclines between VENUS and PELEUS, who make room for him.*

MARS (to PELEUS). Hm! Congratulations! Long and happy life!

PELEUS. Thank you, great Mars, I—

MARS (to VENUS, *with a nod*). Good morning, Venus!

VENUS. Salve, great Mars—Oh! you dreadful god! See that horrid stain upon your armor!

MARS. Little wonder, madam! Blood's my trademark!

Meanwhile JOVE has been serving the ambrosia, which has, by this time, been passed to nearly all the guests.

BACCHUS (at further end of table). Oh, I say, Mars, you don't eat ambrosia, do you?

MARS. No! Ambrosia don't make muscles! Give me rare roast beef!

JOVE. Sorry that we have none, but we don't keep it on Olympus, you know. You like nectar, do you not?

MARS. Yea! great King, wine gives fire to the spirit and life to the blood. Nectar is wholesome.

BACCHUS. Well; Mars *does* know a thing or two after all. (To MINERVA). Did you hear what he said about wine just now?

MINERVA. Oh yes, I heard. But doubtless *he* knows when he has had enough.

BACCHUS. By Jove, then, he's lucky! I never knew the time when I'd had enough.

VENUS. How delicious this ambrosia is! Is it not, Thetis?

THETIS. Yes indeed, I do not think that I *ever* saw the meal whiter or finer.

JUNO. Indeed? I am glad you like it.

JOVE. We had to wait long enough for it though.

VENUS. Ah? But "though the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small."

JOVE. Yes, that is very true, but some day I hope that a "patent roller process" will be introduced so that they can work a little faster.

Jove sips his nectar.

CHORUS. "Old Jove his nectar sipping,
From golden goblets dripping,
The other gods outstripping,
In royal revelry."

He puts down his goblet, and the conversation is renewed.

BACCHUS. By all the vinyards of Athens! Apollo, you have twice as much water as nectar.

APOLLO. Yea, Bacchus, you are right. Methinks that wine—though at best a mischievous fellow—is safe only with two water-nymphs to guard him.

BACCHUS. Oh, very pretty—but like most of your poetry more beauty than sense. *All now begin to eat, and the conversation ceases, or becomes low, being carried on only between neighbors.*

Enter THE MUSE OF HISTORY, very cautiously, through the window, with her note book in hand. She whispers, addressing the audience—

MUSE OF HISTORY.

I heard that Jove would give a "feed"
Of items I did stand in need,
And, though he frowned, you see I came,
—Indeed, I "got there just the same."

She then, unseen by the company, peeps around the curtain, taking down in her note book a list of the guests, viands, etc. While she is so occupied, enter GODDESS OF DISCORD Hair disheveled, torn garments.

GODDESS OF DISCORD,

Lo, I have come
Like a brand of fire,
Borne by the Fates
With undying ire;
Making discord
Is my work in life,
Waging with peace
An eternal strife.

Jove, in his pride,
Thought to pass me by—
Others are asked
And neglected I!
I'll disturb him
In his fine repast!
Jove! I have come
With my sword at last!

She turns to hurl an apple which she takes from her pocket on to the banquet table.

MUSE OF HISTORY (*aside*). Phew! Here is a "double header" for me! *As the apple falls upon the table the goddesses shriek.*

BACCHUS (*picking it up*). By the gods! whence came this thing!

MARS. What is it—grape shot?

BACCHUS. No, you old pensioner, it's nothing but an *apple*.

MARS. If you don't keep still, young fellow, you'll get hurt!

MINERVA. Let me see it, Bacchus. Is it good to eat?

BACCHUS. No, ma'am. It's made of gold!

VENUS. Oh look, there are some letters; read what it says, Bacchus.

BACCHUS (*Slowly spelling it out*). To—the—*fairest*!

JUNO. Then it is *mine*! Pass it over, Bacchus.

MINERVA. Why, Juno! I am surprised! It says to the *fairest*—That means *me*!

VENUS (*with dignity*). I am *amazed* at such unheard of presumption. Bacchus you will please hand *me* the apple.

PELEUS. Well, really now, Mr. Bacchus, I don't want to appear too bold, nor to make any trouble, but it does seem to me that *Thetis* is the fairest.

VENUS, JUNO, MINERVA. *Thetis*!

APOLLO. Ah, Peleus, you must remember that *you* are prejudiced, *You* see with the eyes of love. But I should think that Bacchus would decide for himself.

MINERVA, VENUS and JUNO. So should I (*each putting out a hand*). Bacchus!

MARS. Hm! This is really becoming interesting—

MINERVA, VENUS and JUNO. Bacchus!!

JOVE (*who has been drowsy*). Here, hold your peace! (*to Bacchus*). Now sir, what *is* the matter?

BACCHUS. Why sir, I have an apple, which—

MINERVA, VENUS and JUNO. Belongs to *me*!

JOVE. Silence! all of you! (*to Thetis*). To whom *does* it belong, Thetis?

THETIS. Well, oh Jove, Peleus said it should be *mine*—

MINERVA, VENUS and JUNO. Yours!

JOVE. Silence! Ganymede, perhaps *you* can tell us, to whom the apple belongs.

GANYMEDE (*urged on by Hebe*). Yea, oh King, it belongs to—Hebe.

JOVE (*desperately*). Apollo, at your peril, answer truly, to whom *does* the apple belong?

APOLLO. Bacchus, oh King, said that it should go to the *fairest*, and so—

JOVE. (*sighing*) Oh the Fates forbid! now I see it all. Bacchus, give *me* the apple!

Bacchus does as commanded.

MINERVA. Now, papa, if you will give me the apple, I will put it—

JUNO. Peace, Minerva! (*to JOVE*) Sire, I *demand* that apple.

JOVE. Madam, you forget whom you are addressing. You *demand* nothing! (*to the others*) I fear that we had better adjourn—

JUNO. (*rising from the table in great wrath.*) You old tyrant! (*leading the way into the drawing room, followed by all the company, JOVE excepted.*) Oh, wherefore am I queen of heaven, if I have no power (*turning to Minerva, she sings*):

FINALE.

Away, oh goddess from my sight,
For *I* am queen, and have a right
To drive thee from these fair domains,
And bid thee live where Pluto reigns—

MINERVA. Indeed, oh queen I'll *not* away;
Think you I fear to disobey?
You're angry now because you know
The apple must to beauty go—

VENUS. And hence I claim the golden prize —
 Oh gods in justice use your eyes !
 For is not mine the fairest face,
 And mine the most enchanting grace ?

JUNO and MINERVA. No !

VENUS, MINERVA and JUNO.
 I am fairest of the three,
 What are you compared to me ?
 See, oh see, my form divine;
 See, oh see, each curving line.
 All must note my beauty rare,
 You are neither *half* so fair.

Each proudly turns her back on the others.

GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Oh I adore
 A big uproar
 And anger sore !
 These *I* adore.

MARS. Oh I adore
 A lovely war,
 With lots of gore !
 That *I* adore.

They shake hands.

MARS and DISCORD.

Oh, *we* would advise
 A fight for the prize.

JOVE. (*from the banquet room, parting the curtains*).
Recit. Silence, ye immortals ! (*Stepping down toward
 the front of the stage*).

This row is disgracing,
 Tis really abasing,
 Such quarrels I never have seen.

For a question so simple,
 A curve or a dimple
 Makes beauty. Now *what* can it mean!
 Of *one* thing I'm certain
 We'll soon draw the curtain
 To shut out an unpleasant sight,
 To Paris I'll send you,
 On justice depend you,
 I'm sure that his judgment is right.

(*To MERCURY*).

Good Mercury, go thou,
 And prithee to show, now,
 The way, to these rivals three,
 And I and the others
 (Their sisters and brothers)
 Will follow soon after thee.

MINERVA, VENUS and JUNO.

Yes, to Paris we will go,
 Shepherds have good taste we know,
He the question shall decide
 In his judgment we confide,
 On the morrow *I* shall be
 Fairest of the fairest three.

CHORUS. If to-morrow each would be
 Fairest of the fairest three,
 All had better haste away
 Ere to morrow is to-day,
 Thus to make, in each boudoir,
 Faces fairer than before,
 By applying — never mind!
 Women know, but men are blind.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. *A pasture on the slopes of Mt. Ida, a forest in the background, and a rustic throne on one side of the stage. Enter, with PARIS, a chorus of Shepherds. The leader carries a banner bearing the words "United Order of Shepherds."*

CHORUS.

Hail, all hail, to Paris our chief!
Quickly now he'll find us relief;
Shout, oh shout his glorious name
Till the mountains ring with his fame!

(Paris ascends the throne).

Hail oh Paris, Paris our knight,
Vict'ry's sure, for we're in the right!
Henceforth only eight hours a day—
Eight hours labor and ten hours pay.

PARIS. Paris, the knight am I!
Chief Master Shepherd I!
"Capital's got to die!"
That is our battle cry.

(to shepherds). Say, am I right, am I?

CHORUS. Aye, Aye,
Aye, Aye!

PARIS. Knights of Assembly One
Come, tell me, what's to be done?
Boycotts have often won—
Striking is lots of fun,
Answer me, what's to be done?

CHORUS. We'll strike,
Here's fun!

Enter SHEPHERDESSES, singing.

Father Pan is guarding our flocks——

FIRST SHEPHERDESS (*seeing the Shepherds*). Oh, Girls!
(*they turn to run away*).

SHEPHERDS. No! No! Don't run away! What are you afraid of?

FIRST SHEPHERDESS. We were going to sacrifice to Pan——

FIRST SHEPHERD. Well, wait a minute, and we will go to.

They stop to pick up their crooks, which had been laid down in the excitement of the meeting.

SECOND SHEPHERDESS. But where are your flocks?

PARIS. Same to you, my pretty maid. *We* have none!

SHEPHERDESSES. No flocks!

SECOND SHEPHERDESS. What *do* you mean?

SECOND SHEPHERD. Why, we've struck!

FIRST SHEPHERDESS. Struck! struck what?

FIRST SHEPHERD. A holiday.

Each Shepherd, except Paris, then takes a girl and they go merrily off the stage singing:

CHORUS. Striking's really excellent fun,
Tra la la la la la la la.
Nought to do until we have won,
Tra la la la la la la la.
Nought to do but to dance and sing,
Tra la la la la la la la.
Freedom's sweeter than anything,
Tra la la la la la la la.

The singing, becoming fainter in the distance, dies away.

PARIS (*alone—seating himself on the ground*). Yes, by Jove! freedom *is* sweet. Sweeter than anything *I* know of. That is why I voted for Free Trade. Well, here I am, free at last, without a sheep to care for, or a friend to disturb me, with nothing to do but to sleep and dream of heaven.

He goes to sleep.

Enter MERCURY, cautiously looking around. Having found the coast clear he retires to the edge of the forest and beckons.

Enter JUNO, MINERVA and VENUS. They stand in line before Paris, who still sleeps.

MERCURY (*touching Paris with his wand*). Awake! Oh Paris, son of Priam—awake!

Paris, slowly awakening, rubs his eyes, dazzled at the sight before him.

PARIS. Can I be sleeping, or is my soul wandering amid the Olympian shades? Are they goddesses?

He reaches out to touch the hem of Juno's garment.

JUNO. Back! thou mortal, lest thou defile an immortal goddess.

(He starts.)

MERCURY.

Paris, son of Priam, listen!

I am *Mercury*, and bid thee

Pay good heed to all I tell thee.

Look! before thee standeth Juno,

Queen of heav'n, and Jove's loved consort,

With her, Jove's fair daughter standeth.

See, Minerva, Wisdom's goddess!

Next behold sweet Venus, Love's own

Mother, guardian of this headstrong

Passion.

Enter MUSE OF HISTORY. She says nothing, but goes quietly to work taking down in her note book all that is said, and pressing as close to the speakers as possible.

MERCURY (*continuing*).

On Olympus' lofty
Summit, question hath arisen
As to who the fairest may be
Called, and Jove in perfect wisdom
Ordered these contestants, heaven's
Richest gems in beauty, that they
Go, consult a mortal shepherd,
And to his just verdict bow them.
They agreed ; and hence, I brought them
(Such was Jove's own mandate) hither,
So that thou might'st choose the fairest.

JOVE (*in the distance*). Haste ! oh, Mercury, come hither !

MERCURY (*aside to the others*). 'Tis Jove ! (*aloud*) coming, sire, coming !

Exit MERCURY.

PARIS (*who has been in rather a dazed condition*). The fairest ! Ah ! how can I ? Each is fairer than the others.

MINERVA.

So thought we ; and that thy spirit
May untroubled be with choosing,
I've bethought me, and now offer
(Should you wisely vote that I am
Fairest) fame in war, and mighty
Wisdom ; so, although your sword may
Win you glory, laurels, praises many,
Even pensions for your family,
Yet your *pen*, with which you'll edit

Lengthy papers for the Monthlies,
 Memoirs of yourself and others,
 Many drachmas more shall win you;
 So that, with your goodly pension,
 All your days will pass in comfort;
 And when death shall free your spirit,
 Costly stones your grave will cover,
 And your "Life" in calfskin bindings
 Shall go down amid the ages.

PARIS. Then, Oh! goddess, quick——

JUNO. Hist! oh mortal! is it thus that
 Thou would'st give a hasty verdict?
 Know'st thou not that thy decision—
 Though it be but mortal—bringeth
 War in heaven and death to countless
 Sons of men? Then listen that thou
 May'st not answer blindly.
 I, the spouse of Jove in heaven
 Promise, if to *me* thou show'st thy favor,
 That thou shalt possess a Kingdom;
 That, in power thou shall be raised
 Far above an humble shepherd;
 And, that as thou once wert tending
 Docile flocks, so now in wisdom
 Shalt thou lead the sons of men.
 But, I pray thee to take warning
 Should the open bribes of others
 Lead you into foolish judgment,
 That I'm queen of earth and heaven,
 And my unrelenting anger
 Soon would *crush* thy mortal body,
 While thy soul, I'd send with curses
 Far down in the depths of Hades.

(PARIS *shudders and trembling looks toward VENUS for aid.*)

VENUS. Fear thou not her wordy curses;
 Queens oft threaten what they do not
 When they've Kings who'st far above them.
I had thought that bribes were wicked,
 And that buying votes were censured,
 But since *civil service* seems not
 Yet at all reformed; and halting
 Justice leans too often on a
 Staff of bribes, I take upon me
 Now to promise (should I win the
 Longed for prize) famed HELEN, fairest
 Of all mortal women, for thy
 Loved and loving bride. Oh, Paris!
 Pray consider: what! ah what is
 Fleeting fame and martial glory
 What a *Kingdom*, when 'tis likened
 To the love of fairest women?
 Can'st thou doubt, or wait in choosing?
 Know'st thou not that love's divine, and
 Born in heaven, while vain ambition's
 But an earthly, selfish yearning?
 Choose then wisely, without fearing
 Juno's threats, nor vainly yielding
 To Minerva's petty offers.

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY. Way for Jove, our lord and monarch!
(with a glance aside to the three goddesses and Paris).
 Better not let Jove see this wire pulling, or there will be
 a suspension for offensive partisanship.

Way for Jove, our lord and monarch!

*Enter JOVE, followed by BACCHUS, APOLLO, MARS,
 PELEUS and THETIS and full chorus As he enters, the*

three goddesses make low curtesies and PARIS humbly kneels.

CHORUS (*entering*).

Speedily, speedily, Jove for guide,
Down we have come on the mountain side,
Out from Olympus and down below,
Coming to see the great beauty show,
Speedily, speedily,
Merrily, merrily,
Down we have come to see
Who of the deities,
Feminine deities,
Fairest of all will be.

JOVE. Arise! oh mortal! Fear thou not;
But rather feel thou honored much
Among the sons of men, in that
Thou'st chosen Judge among the gods
Of Mount Olympus. Fear thou not!
But judge with justice; let not bribes
Corrupt thy soul, lest I in wrath
Should hurl my bolts of thunder, and
With mighty nod, should seal thy doom.
Moreover, pray remember that
A public office, also is
A public trust, which man must not betray.

PARIS. Oh! king and god, thou who hast power over
mortal and immortal. Help me so to judge!
(*Turning to the others*).

I, Paris, after due deliberation,
And by the power that's vested in me, do now
Award the prize for beauty unto Venus,
The fairest of immortal goddesses!

CHORUS. Ave! ave!

JOVE. Hail, fair Venus ! most beautiful of Jove's loved daughters. Hail !

VENUS. Oh now I've won the golden prize,
 So what care I for gleaming eyes?
 For soon you'll see the power I'll wield,
 For beauty smiles and monarchs yield.
 So I the fairest am by far,
 And both you others vanquished are.

Behold a triple grace in me,
 Which through all time a power shall be ;
 For see by me personified
 Are beauty, love, and youth allied.
 So I the fairest am by far,
 And both you others vanquished are.

JUNO (*who has been holding a whispered conversation with Minerva*). Sire ! I make a motion for a new trial !

MINERVA. And I second the motion !

JOVE. And I deny it !

JUNO. What ! you reject a motion made by me, the queen of heaven ?

JOVE. Yea ! madam, the *King* of heaven denies the motion made by the Queen of heaven.

JUNO. The tyrant ! but I will give him a curtain lecture to-night, that will make his ears tingle !

MINERVA. (*As she and JUNO retire to one side*). Yea ! and all heaven and earth shall suffer for this.

(*Meanwhile the various deities have been offering congratulations to VENUS*).

APOLLO (*coming up*). Congratulations, fair Venus ! mother of love and beauty ! Paris hath chosen well !

BACCHUS. Yea! but how could he do otherwise — By Jove! Venus, you do look as fair and as sweet as a Malaga grape.

VENUS. Ha! ha! what a compliment!

BACCHUS. Yea! that's what I meant it for, and now if I only had my kodak I would take your photograph as a professional beauty.

THETIS (*coming forward with an autograph album*). Venus, would you mind giving me your autograph. I would be ever so much obliged.

VENUS (*to PARIS, who has just come up*). Thank you, Mr. Paris, for your kind judgment. I shall not forget my promise, but shall soon lead thee to fair Helen's home.

PARIS. Believe me, most beautiful Venus, it was not the promise, that —

JOVE (*who has all the time been interviewed by the MUSE OF HISTORY*).

Mercury, methinks that Paris
Long enough hath moved among us;
Pray conduct him back to other
Pastures on Mount Ida's summit;
And with dreams so calm his spirit,
That all this shall seem as visions
Which have crossed his sleeping fancy.

Exit MERCURY and PARIS.

JOVE (*to the others*).

Now methinks, the trial is over,
And the judgment being given,
We have nought to do, e'er leaving
For our homes on Mount Olympus,
Than to sing in merry chorus
Praises to our chosen beauty,

(*To JUNO*) Come then Juno and Minerva,
Come and join us in a chorus.

FINALE.

(*JUNO and MINERVA come sulkily forward*).

CHORUS. Yea! oh! Juno! join us,
 And Minerva too,
 In a happy chorus.
 Surely, 'tis her due,
 If she is the fairest
 Why not greet her now.
 Venus, lovely Venus!
 Look! to thee we bow.

JUNO *and* MINERVA.

No! we'll never join thee,
Ye may sing alone,
We prefer to sing in
Quite a different tone.
Venus is a *briber*,
Ye may sing her praise,
We shall wreak our vengeance,
And a tumult raise.

VENUS *to* JOVE.

Then, oh! father, unto
Thee, who gave this test,
Turn I for assistance.
Thou, who knowest best,
Thou wilt not forsake me
All, I leave to thee,
Thou, too, Mars, oh! help me,
Say thou'lt fight for me.

JOVE, MARS *and* CHORUS.

Fear thou not, oh! Venus
We will join thy cause,

Beauty draweth better
Than mere vengeance draws.
Fear thou not, but rather
Proudly keep thy prize,
We, and many others
To thy help shall rise.

FULL CHORUS (*including* JUNO, MINERVA, *and* GOD-
DESS OF DISCORD.

Yea! throughout all heaven
Shall the war note sound,
Gods and men shall battle
On a common ground.
Vengeance versus beauty!
On that line we'll fight,
If it takes all summer
Proving that we're right.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A room in JOVE'S palace on Mt. Olympus. A mirror hangs upon the wall. There are telephones on three sides of the room.*

HEBE (*discovered sitting at her loom on right center*),
spinning—

HEBE. Spinning, spinning, ever spinning,
See the threads go in, and out,
Goddesses and gods need clothing,
Even heavenly gowns wear out.

*Refrain—*Νέων, νέων, καθ' ἡμέραν,
Καὶ ὑφαίνων συνεχῶς;
Μέλπων, νέων, νέων, μέλπων
"Οὕτω νέων δεξιῶς.

Spinning, spinning, all are spinning,
Monarchs spin as well as I,
Jove with threads of fate is weaving,
How much happier then am I!

Refrain.

Spinning, spinning, not complaining,
Since my Master spinneth too,
Though fair Juno speaketh sharply.
Mine's the easiest work to do.

Refrain.

Spinning, spinning, gently spinning,
While the hours to days have grown,
Little threads have fashioned garments,
By a power that's not their own.

Refrain.

JUNO (*opening the door on a crack and looking in*).

Come now Hebe ! stop your spinning;

Rather haste to dust the apartment.

JUNO *closes the door again, and Hebe, getting up, puts away her loom, dons her dusting cap and taking a large feather duster, proceeds to business.*

HEBE (*to herself*). Yes, although my work is comparatively easy in quality, it is tremendously bulky in quantity. But then, they warned me of that at the Employment Agency, when Juno applied; they said that she never let her servants have a day off and that, though the wages are good, the grass never grows under their feet; and now that her second girl has left her, and I have to do the work for both, there really isn't time for even the weeds to grow under mine. It is forever, "Hebe do this and Hebe do that," and never a moment to rest. She never even lets me have a caller in the evening; not that I care particularly, because I get letters just the same (*she produces one from her pocket and looks at it fondly*). Oh, dear old Hercules! He *does* have to work so hard—Why, he says that he will be quite a "horny-handed son of toil" when he gets through. How I *do* hate horny-handed people! (*She replaces the letter.*) But, then, I suppose that as soon as he finishes his ten labors it will pass off. Well, as I was going to say, I do not mind so much about the callers, but if I never get married, I just want posterity to know, why it is that I have never married—that it is not because I am homely. (*She climbs on a chair to better survey herself in the mirror, adjusts her cap, &c.*) No! I am really quite good looking, even if I didn't get the apple, certainly no one would think that I was three thousand four hundred and fifty-two years old. Why, I don't look a *day* over two thousand, do I?

Enter quietly GANYMEDE.

GANYMEDE (*laughing heartily*). Ha ha ha! Hebe! ha ha ha! (*Hebe, startled by his laughter, looks around and sees him. She blushes and tries to slide off the chair.*)

HEBE (*angrily*). Go away, you horrid thing, what do want here?

GANYMEDE (*broadly smiling at her predicament*). Come off your perch and I'll tell you.

HEBE. Ganymede, I think you are real mean. I just got on this chair to dust the top of the mirror——

GANYMEDE. Oh!!

HEBE. Well, anyway, you might help me down. (*She begins to cry.*)

GANYMEDE (*helping her down*). There, there, Hebe, don't cry. I did not *mean* to do anything bad. Come, now, let us be friends. (*He tries to take her hand.*)

HEBE (*pulling away*). No! go away! I won't be friends!

GANYMEDE. Oh, Hebe, don't be so hard on me. You know your old Ganymede wouldn't make you cry for all the world. There's *no* one who loves you better than I do. (*He tries to come up to her.*)

HEBE (*turning away from him*). No! Go away, I tell you! You don't love me—you don't love me a single bit! If you did, you wouldn't make fun of me.

GANYMEDE. Oh, Hebe, don't talk that way. You know I did not mean any harm. And (*with a wink to the audience*), you don't know how pretty you looked—it was just like a picture. I—— but you want me to go away (*turning to depart*); good bye, Hebe.

HEBE (*in a very low voice as she sees him about to withdraw*). Ganymede, Ganymede, I did not mean to be cross.

GANYMEDE, *turning, runs to her. They join hands and coming to the front of the stage, sing, with arms around each other.*

HEBE and GANYMEDE.

Lovers' quarrels never last.

No, oh no. No, oh no.

When they're over and all past,

Then you know, don't you know?

That they make up with a — kiss.

Don't you know, just like — this.

They dance across the stage once.

When the quarrels once are past.

For you see, for you see

That they never, never last

When between you and me.

We're so happy that we — kiss,

Don't you know, just like — this.

As they close, they dance across the stage once or twice, when they hear JOVE's thundering footsteps outside. GANYMEDE hastily withdraws, and HEBE dusts with much energy.

Enter JOVE, with a great deal of bluster, and carrying a newspaper in his hand.

JOVE. Here, oh Hebe! cease that idling! Quick now! Haste to call thy mistress!

Exit HEBE (in much haste).

JOVE (*pacing the stage*). Phew! there will be a big row of it now, and what can I do about it? By every oath in the *Classical Dictionary*! was immortal ever so pestered?

Enter JUNO.

JUNO. Did'st thou send for me, oh King?

JOVE. Yea, I have somewhat here to read thee, and most grievously I need thy counsel.

JUNO (*aside, with a sneer*). What! the king of heaven asks advice of his powerless queen? Ha, ha, ha, well, he shall have it. (*aloud*) My lord, I await thy will.

JOVE (*having adjusted his spectacles, reads rapidly and*

excitedly). Four thirty edition. Special telegram to the 'Olympian Daily News.'

AN ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

FAIR FACES AND FLYING FEET.

WIFE AND BOODLE GONE.

SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Our special correspondent wires us as follows : Sparta, June 21st.

"The whole neighborhood is greatly excited over the reports of a sensational elopement, which took place in this province last night. The chief actors are all well-known leaders in the highest social circles of Sparta. The story, so far as it can be verified, is as follows : Paris, a Trojan youth, came to this city yesterday morning. He was accompanied by a friend, Æneas. Having given it out that their errand was to sacrifice to Apollo, they were hospitably received by King Menelaus, and entertained at a banquet. Here they were introduced to the King's wife, Helen. It was at this juncture that the King was called away by affairs of state. He was detained some time, and on his return, at an early hour this morning, was inexpressably shocked to find his wife gone, leaving no message of any kind, nor any clue as to her whereabouts; more than this, the royal safe had been broken into, and the entire contents, estimated at a million drachmas, were missing. The chief of police was immediately notified, and the country is being thoroughly scoured for the fugitives. It is feared, however, that they are now in Canada, and beyond the reach of the Spartan law. The story, incredible as it seems, owing to the high moral reputation hitherto borne by the lady and gentleman in question, is fully vouched for by the King's own attendants.

An extra edition of this paper containing full details,

and cuts of the principal actors, will be issued at six o'clock."

(*As he reaches the end, he looks up inquiringly into his spouse's face. She remains immovable, her lips tightly compressed.*)

JOVE (*impatiently*). Well! wherefore thy silence? Why dost thou not speak upon it? What thinkest thou?

JUNO. What do *I* think? I think it is only what thou mightest have expected. *Anyone* would know, that only evil could come of *such* a judgment.

JOVE. But what am I to do about it?

JUNO (*sarcastically*). Oh! Thou had'st better consult the author of the crime—my lady Venus, the "Jersey Lily."

JOVE (*sternly*). Enough! lest thou rouse mine anger. Let no irreverence cross thy lips! Had Minerva best be called?

JUNO (*with a bow and a sneer*). Oh! certainly my lord—by all means! (*She steps to a stand and touches a bell.*)

JOVE (*aside*). Oh! dear! Words will be cheap when the other one gets here! Ah! I would I were a mortal!

JUNO (*coming forward again*). Well! oh King! next time perhaps thou wilt think that Juno *doth* know a thing or two—

JOVE (*roars*). Silence! (*he points her to a chair, somewhat frightened, she meekly seats herself while JOVE still paces the stage.* (*A minute's quiet*).

Enter MINERVA. Didst thou ring, oh, Father?

JOVE. Yea! Juno will explain the reason—Pri'thee to withdraw.

JUNO (*picks up the paper and she and MINERVA retire arm and arm.*

JOVE. Now! for a little quiet thought.

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY. Most gracious King of earth and heaven,
The Muse of History waits without.

JOVE (*impatiently*). Mercury, see'st not I'm busy?
Then why dost thou disturb me thus? Know'st not—

Enter MUSE OF HISTORY.

Ah! oh King, you see I enter
Without waiting formal welcome,
I would speak a word in private
On a business most important.

JOVE. Pray, thou, then Mercury to leave us.

Exit MERCURY.

Now then, Madame, state your business
I have little time for idling,
Speak thou to the point and quickly.
Is it Politics, or Tariff,
Woman Suffrage, Knights of Labor,
Woman's Higher Education—
Which of all am I to talk of?
Come now! answer! speak up lively.

MUSE OF HISTORY.

Yea! oh King, and as I'm speedy
So, I pray wilt thou be gracious.

JOVE *shows signs of impatience.*

I have come to interview thee
On the great elopement. (*Takes out her note book.*)

JOVE Enough! then! for I will not talk.
The subject most unpleasant is.
Away! and tell thy editor
That Jove has said his enterprise
Is going much too far. Avaunt!
Why linger thus?

MUSE OF HISTORY.

One thing more, oh, King, I'd ask thee.

JOVE. No, not another word, I tell

Thee. Pray depart, nor speak in leaving.

Exit MUSE OF HISTORY. JOVE once more begins to pace the stage in thought. A telephone rings, JOVE goes to it.

JOVE. Hello! hello! there, Central Office. Who is it?

A VOICE. Menelaus, King of Sparta.

JOVE. Well! go ahead.

Another telephone rings, JOVE goes to it.

JOVE. Hello! Who is it?

A VOICE. Paris—Son of Priam.

At this point a voice from telephone "A" begins.

JOVE. *Running to telephone A.*—Wait, oh Menelaus.

Running to telephone B.—Wait, oh Paris.

Running to telephone C.—Well, who is it?

JOVE *almost in despair at the noise, fairly yells*—Yea! I am listening! But they *all* hear, and they *all* begin. *In disgust he throws down the hearing tube of telephone C, and stands in the middle of the room—the picture of despair.*

JOVE *paces up and down with his hands to his ears. Telephones continue to ring intermittently.*

TELEPHONE A. Oh father, King, thou who hast power over—

rings-----

----- power over mortal and immortal, hear thou my prayers. Knowest thou not, oh King, that Helen hath been stolen? Why didn't thou thus afflict me? why dost thou thus forsake me in my old age? *rings*-----

TELEPHONE B. Paris,
son of Priam, oh great
Jove, thou who weavest
the human fates and
mysteries—

rings -----

----- thou
who art all seeing
and all knowing, lend
thou a kindly ear.
Thou knowest how
thou did'st appoint me
judge in the immortal
contest. Thou know-
est, but why dost thou
not show thy favor?
rings (impatiently) ----

TELEPHONE C.

rings -----

-----Hercules!
Oh, great and mighty
Jove, hear, oh hear me
while I cry to thee. I
have finished, oh mighty
Jove, the first of my
ten labors. I have
slain the lion of Nemea,
with mine own hands.
I have killed the Ler-
nean hydra. Now, oh
King, wilt thou not
grant a respite?
Rings (violently) -----

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Oh! mighty King, a dreadful strife,
Commotion, conflict, or what e'er
You call it, wages in the halls
Above, below, and all around
Us, quell, oh! quell it, mighty King!

JOVE.

Talk not to me of noises. Hear
This din! they bellow like a bull
That's slain at holy off'ring. Haste
To earth and bid the company
So well named "Bell" remove each 'phone
And bury every wire on Mount
Olympus!

Exit MERCURY.

Enter DISCORD. (She comes in like a cyclone, her hair flying and triumph gleaming in her eyes. As she sweeps across the stage she snaps her fingers under JOVE's nose, crying)—

DISCORD. I am avenged!

She is gone in an instant.

Enter VENUS (throwing herself on her knees before JOVE).

VENUS. Oh! great and mighty Jove, spare and help me. I know that I did wrong in causing the elopement, but the courts, oh! Jove, will grant them a divorce. Spare, oh! spare me, from the wrath of Juno and Minerva. Save, oh! save me, mighty King!

JOVE. Yea, arise, my daughter, they shall not harm thee.

VENUS. They come, oh! King! Protect me!

Enter JUNO and MINERVA, followed by the full chorus. Half of them (viz.: the sopranos and tenors) flock around VENUS, while the other half (contraltos and bassos) follow JUNO and MINERVA. JOVE slowly retires, going out of a door near the back of the stage.

Contraltos and Bassos, led by JUNO and MINERVA, sing in entering—

She who sinneth,
 She must suffer ! (*They rush in.*)
 Vengeance is our battle-cry !
 We demand her !
 Give her over !
 Juno wills that she shall die !

(Sopranos and tenors led by VENUS.)

Fight your hardest !
 We don't fear you !
 We shall conquer with this cry :

(All.)

Beauty ! vengeance !
 Beauty ! vengeance !
 Beauty {
 Vengeance } is our battle-cry.

Enter MARS ; he joins VENUS' party.

(All in unison).

Fight like heroes !
 Fear and flinching,
 Are unknown, with such a cry !
 On, then, madly
 Make the onslaught
 Beauty {
 Vengeance } is our battle-cry !

Charge with fury !
 Fight with valor !
 Louder raise the battle-cry !
 All together,
 Now, we'll charge them,
 Beauty ! }
 Vengeance ! } ! ———

Enter JOVE. Rushing between the two lines, he hurls his bolts of thunder, and the curtain falls on their mighty crash.

CURTAIN

ACT IV.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

SCENE.—*The council chamber in JOVE'S palace on Mt. Olympus. Curtains across the end of the room, divide it into two parts. At the end of the further part are two thrones, on a slightly raised platform.*

Gods and goddesses are discovered going through the figures of a dance, and singing.

BACCHUS and APOLLO.

When gods have met in council hall
 With chairman still "non est,"
 You'd think that grave, they would be all,
 With thoughts too deep for jest.

Chorus.—But no, ah, no,
 We're not built so,
 We're really more like you ;
 The cat away,
 The mice will play,
 And *we* will do it too.

BACCHUS and APOLLO.

So, though we've met to learn the fate
 Of long contested Troy,
 We're not so prim, or so sedate,
 That we cannot enjoy—

Chorus.—The time we're free
 From dignity,
 With leader still away ;
 For though we fear,
 He'll soon be here.
 We'll dance while yet we may.

They dance in silence for a moment, when enter MERCURY in herald's costume.

MERCURY. The king of earth and heaven enters!
Hail to Jove!

The curtains are drawn aside and JOVE is discovered.

ALL (*the dancing having immediately stopped*). Ave!
Ave! Jove!

JOVE (*reading from a telegram*). The war is ended!
Troy has fallen!

CHORUS. Hurrah! hurrah!

BACCHUS (*aside to APOLLO*). Where now shall I send
my laundry?

JOVE (*pointing to MINERVA who enters leading the TROJAN HORSE*). Behold the conqueress!

Great applause and excitement.

BACCHUS. "Speech! speech!"

JOVE *takes MINERVA by the hand, while JUNO takes his other hand.*

JOVE (*sings*).

Indeed it is a pleasant thing
To be a god, or be a king
But better still it is to be
A king of men, and gods like me.
For then no matter what you do
It always turns out best for you;
So listen, while this rule I tell,
That all is well that endeth well.
So I the king of gods will fear
No more, though matters look most drear,
But laugh ha! ha!
And sing tra! la!

JOVE and CHORUS.

Yes! $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{he} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ the king of gods will fear

No more, tho' matters look most drear.

JOVE. Now Minerva you must tell us *how* you managed to conquer Troy and what you are doing with that great beast (*pointing to the horse*) on Olympus.

JOVE and JUNO *seat themselves on the double throne and listen while MINERVA recites.*

MINERVA.

Great sire! I need not to tell thee —
But possibly *others* would know
The way in which I have managed
So quickly great Troy to o'er throw.

I whispered soft to Epeus
And told him this horse to prepare.
I bade him fill it with heroes,
And leave it to my tender care.
He did as I had commanded;
And soon all the Greeks sailed away,
But *you*, my noble old charger
Had still a part you must play.
The Trojans pour forth to see it,
They drag it quite into the town,
It's capture causeth rejoicing —
And so, when the night settles down
Deep sleep lies heavily o'er them —
But not so, the heroes within,
They burst from the wooden confinement
And bravely fighting they win!

All applaud loudly.

JUNO. Well Minerva! if you haven't the ingenuity of a Yankee!

BACCHUS. Now then, 'Poll, old boy! tune up, and let us have a rousing old chorus. Phew! I feel just like singing to-day.

APOLLO. (*Striking the chords of his lyre, leads them.*)

CHORUS. Shout! for the war is ended
 Shout! for Minerva's pet,
 Hail to the marvelous wisdom
 Such a great plan to beget!
 Shout for her noble charger!
 Shout for the lady herself!
 She and her steed will be famous
 When *we* are laid on the shelf.

VENUS (*coming forward*). Yes, Minerva, even I wish to congratulate you, and that there may be no further trouble, I now give the Apple of Discord to *Jove*, whose wisdom will dispose of it.

All applaud.

BACCHUS. *That's* what *I* call doing the square thing.

JOVE. Venus thou hast done well, and as long as Minerva's horse is remembered, thy beauty will not be forgotten. Are there any suggestions to be made in regard to the disposition of the apple?

MARS (*discontentedly*). Oh! shoot the apple!

BACCHUS. Oh! don't "*Tell*" such nonsense. Let us make it into *cider*.

MUSE OF HISTORY. Oh, give it to me, and I will turn out an *Appleton's* edition.

JOVE. There—that is sufficient—we will not have any more of this *apple-sauce*. I shall coin it into dollars for the City Hospital. Now is there any further business to come before the council? Then ere we adjourn let us sing a merry chorus.

Enter GODDESS OF DISCORD. She stops surprised and frightened at the assembled deities.

Chorus Oh ! do go to—
 We don't want you
 You're quite played out
 We've something new.

JOVE. Peace ye immortals ! Discord, the day of reckoning is come. Hear this my irrevocable edict. (*He draws from his mantle a scroll, from which he reads*) Discord having been found guilty of disorderly conduct, is hereby sentenced to (*he pauses a moment for effect*)—

BACCHUS (*aside*). Ten dollars or thirty days.

JOVE (*raps*). Is hereby sentenced to *death* !

ALL. Oh !

DISCORD (*starts, frightened and amazed ; then taking a step or two forward, she sings*).

Though at thy charge
 I appear to die,
 Yet will my soul
 Do its work : for I,
 Thrust from heaven,
 Will still roam below—
 Peace, then to *gods*,
 But to *mortals*, woe !

(*Drawing out her dagger, and stabbing herself, she falls. Goddesses scream. MARS catches her as she falls.*)

JOVE. Quick, Mercury, ring for the Patrol wagon,

MARS. Here, Bacchus, where's your brandy flask ?

BACCHUS (*producing it*). I had to use it. It's empty.

MARS (*throwing it down*). As usual !

JOVE. Mars you may remove your patient to the outer room; then see that you return.

Exit MARS and DISCORD.

JOVE (*to the others*). Discord is dead! with her dies all strife in heaven. (*Enter MARS wiping his eyes.*) Henceforth we shall have accord.

Chorus. Now we've found the long lost c(h)ord,
And we'll hold it ever,
We have banished foul Discord
And Peace shall reign forever.
Then good night, a last good night,
Constant strife is deadly.
When you're tired of earthly fight
Come and see our "Medley."

CURTAIN.

+

